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Original Poetry.

HYMN IN THE DESERT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Allah, midst these unbounded sands,
And wastes that nurse no blooming thing,
Submissive to Thy high commands
Our humble offering we bring;
But not of incense, oil or wine,
Or herds that roam the wild free hills—
A purer and a more divine,
The love that pious bosoms fills.

The shades of evening close apace,
The night dews gather damp and chill,
And from Thy lofty dwelling place,
The stars look down, so calm, so still,
They seem as bowed around Thy throne,
Their worship at Thy feet to pour,
And with a smile and with a tone,
To lure us to the upper shore.

'Neath milder skies, in fairer climes,
Men rear their dim and gorgeous fanes,
And lift their praise in solemn chimes,
While twilight veils the smiling plains;
But from these realms so wild and drear,
We raise our hymn, though strange and rude,
For Thou, our God, art present here,
Even in the trackless solitude.

Though o'er these wastes so wild and lorn,
In vain for one green leaf we sigh,
We see Thee in the purple morn,
We see Thee in the sunset sky;
With willing heart and bended knee,
We look unto the Prophet's shrine,
And come in faith through Him to thee,
For we are His and He is thine.

In lands that milder seasons know,
The peasant sleeps beneath his bower,
Unheeding of the ceaseless flow
Of years that urge the fatal hour;
Dear eyes will weep his early doom,
Soft hands will bid the lily wave,
And many a sweet fair flower will bloom
And droop upon his guarded grave.

But o'er these grim and herbless plains,
And sands that drink the scanty streams,
Through days that parch our bursting veins,
And nights that mock with blissful dreams,
With glazed eye and thickening breath,
We see our fainting brothers fall,
Whilst o'er the awful calm of death
Slow rolls the dread hyena's call.

Where winds on winds unending loom,
We sink, the loathsome vulture's prey;
In storms that shriek athwart the gloom,
Our glittering bones must waste away;
The jackal's growing moan we hear
Swell doleful on the desert air,
The leopard's eyes are gleaming near,
The lion leaves his rocky lair.

Let fiends rave round, let dangers lower,
We know Thy arm is strong to save,
Here where no human hand hath power,
And all is one wide burning grave.
Thy path is on the heaving main,
Thy ways are in the forest dim,
Thy voice is in the wild bird's strain,
And in the whirlwind's thunder-hymn.

Defend when [illegible] shaft assails—
From famine and the Arab's blade,
The dread mirage whose misty vales
Allure us to their fatal shade;
Oh, shield us from the bands that spoil,
And from the tiger's secret path,
These brazen heavens, the serpent's coil,
And from the simoom's fiery wrath.

Lead on to some green, blissful isle,
Some Eden of the sandy deep,
Whose soothing shades and fountains smile
Will bid our souls forget to weep;
Or whose dim groves and glancing streams
A sweet, a glorious foretaste lies,
Of that high world whose golden gleams
Welcome the pious to the skies.

Original Novelet.

THE OLD ASTROLOGER; OR, THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER VIII.

Five years have passed since the memorable evening of Marion's wedding. We cannot pause to detail the events which have transpired during this long period of time. It will be enough for our purpose to glance at them briefly.

The unhappy bride, when startled by a voice, forbidding the bans, did not lift her eyes from the floor. She needed not the evidence of sight to tell her that Henry Appleton was present. But, for all that he was present, and thus sought to prevent the sacrifice about being made, her purpose did not waver.

Many hours elapsed, ere she recovered from the state of insensibility into which both mind and body subsided so soon as the trying ordeal was passed; and for several days she remained in a kind of stupor. Out of this she came slowly; and nearly two weeks passed before her friends would consent to her leaving them in company with Mr. Paulding to go to their new home.

Whatever were her feelings towards her husband, Marion exhibited no repugnance. For his character, she entertained a high respect; but, alas! she did not, for she could not, love him.—Towards another her heart's best affections had gone forth, and to restrain or control them was impossible.

What she suffered, none knew. Daily and hourly she sought to quiet the troubled pulsations of her aching heart, and to school her feelings into a calm submission to her lot. As a wife—wedded by her own consent—sacred duties devolved upon her, and her purpose was to discharge all those duties, as far as lay in her power, faithfully and conscientiously. All that she could do to shut out Appleton's image, and to turn from it when presented, was done; but, he was ever too present to her mind—and it seemed as if she could never cease hearing his low voice of anguish that thrilled through her heart on her wedding night with a pain that came near extinguishing her very life.

As for Paulding, he understood Marion's state of mind far better than she believed. At the time he sought to win her affections, he was fully aware that Appleton visited her constantly, and had even gone so far as to say that he feared no one's power over her. Charmed by the graces of her mind and person, and seeing in her all those qualities that he desired in a wife, he resolved to make her his own, if it were possible to do so.—To this end, he not only visited her frequently while she was in the city; but minutely informed himself of all Appleton's movements. He knew of his suit at law, and the prospects of its favorable or disastrous termination. He also knew of his having abandoned the study of medicine in view of the speedy acquirement of a large fortune; and, most important to him of all, he knew that no engagement yet existed between him and Marion. When, after the return of the latter to her home, he made her, by letter, a formal offer of marriage, he had many doubts as to its reception. The hesitating answer elated rather than depressed his feelings. There was in it more than a ray of hope—it was, in fact, a broad sunbeam. He had expected a refusal, though without intending to be driven off by a first repulse. From much that he had seen, in a close observation while she was in the city, he was satisfied that her affections were possessed by Henry Appleton. But, he trusted to the effect of that person's erratic conduct in weaning her from her first devotion.

In replying to her letter, he went beyond the truth in the ardor of his expressions. Of a cool and equable temperament, he was rarely excited to enthusiasm. It was a strong will that gave life to all his purposes. Whatever he felt to be desirable, he sought to gain with a directness of effort that wavered not to the right hand nor to the left. After resolving upon a thing, he rarely paused in the pursuit for reconsideration, or to weigh things collateral that were subsequently presented, but pressed on to the end without a question as to consequences.

Thus he acted in the case of Marion, when writing to her and urging his claims to a place in her affections. It was true that he really loved her, but, it was not true that he felt all he permitted himself to express. Thus far he acted the part of a deceiver. But, he had an end to gain, and he used the means required to effect his purpose.

Several of these ardent letters were received by Marion before she met Paulding again. It required but this meeting to satisfy her heart that she had committed a sad error in consenting to become his wife. His letters, as a transcript of his character and feelings, were one thing, and his personal expression another. In writing, he had assumed something beyond what Marion could find either in his face, tones, or manner. His letters were a beautiful ideal; himself the cold and unattractive reality.

So it was felt by the maiden, and her heart shrunk from him, with a sense of repulsion. But, she had accepted his offer of marriage—she was his affianced bride. There was now no looking back; and, she did not attempt to look back, but resolutely turned her eyes upon the future.

Accurate in his observation, and with some knowledge of human nature, Paulding was not deceived in regard to Marion's state of mind. He saw that the warmth with which she received him at their first meeting subsequent to the engagement, did not continue; and that she was far from being in a state of mental tranquillity.

But he flattered himself that this would all change, and he was willing that time should be given for change. Time was given; but, at each new interview, Paulding saw that she was unhappy. Her letters became briefer, and more and more formal; and there were few warm responses to his continued expressions of ardent attachment. When the time came that had been appointed for the nuptial rites, and he met her after a month's absence, he was grieved to see that a great change had taken place—not so much in her manner towards him, as in her state of mind, and in her bodily health as affected thereby. The warm tinge had left her cheeks and given place to an unnatural paleness; and the expression of her countenance indicated intense mental suffering.

It pained Mr. Paulding to see this, for it foreshadowed to his heart a coming evil to both. By every little tender attention he strove, during the few days that preceded the wedding, to awaken in her mind some pleasant impulses; but he strove in vain. Then it came into his thoughts to say to her that he released her from her engagement if she wished to be free again. But this was only entertained for a moment.

"It is the last struggle of her feelings," said he to himself. "When all is over, there will come upon her spirit a deep peace. She sees, as well as her friends, that a union with this idle, half insane fellow, Appleton, would be little less than an act of madness. Her judgment approves of what she is about doing, but some natural claims of the heart are now making their final appeals. The act by which she is bound to me for life, will cancel all these claims, and they will rise up no more to trouble her."

Thus he reasoned; but he was in error. Thus he reasoned, even while Marion lay white and pulseless as the dead, after the closing of the marriage service. It was the last struggle—so he thought. But he erred. It was not the last struggle.

Years afterwards he understood this better.—Partially he understood it ere the first few months of their wedded life went by. Kind, gentle, and dutiful in all that was required of her as a wife, Marion performed, in act, all that she had solemnly bound herself to perform at the marriage altar. But, her heart was not with her husband. She could not love him. Faithfully, and, even prayerfully, did she strive to shut out the image of another that would come between them, but the strife was in vain.

Love sends its light to the countenance. Where real affection exists, it comes spontaneously into expression. The heart cannot hide its emotions. And Mr. Paulding was not really deceived, though he sought refuge in attempted self-deception. The great change in Marion continued. Her former life came not back, as he had hoped. Her spirits did not spring again with the buoyancy that marked the years of her maidenhood. No more was her merry laugh heard, waking the delighted echoes. Oh, how Mr. Paulding did long to see the old light in her still sweet and beautiful face; to hear the old sounds of her voice, so full of the heart's own music! He loved her—tenderly loved her. But, with all his earnest efforts to awaken a reciprocal feeling, he failed entirely; and, moreover, he was conscious of his failure.

Still, this consciousness did not make him turn away, either coldly or angrily, from the pure-minded woman he had wronged in leading to the altar. To him, she was faithful in all her relations; gentle in all her intercourse with him; and devoted, in all her actions, to his happiness. That she could not love him, was not her fault—and few men would have blamed her less for this than did Mr. Paulding. Grieved, deeply grieved, was he, to see her passing on in her way through life, unblessed by the beauty and perfume of flowers that grew along her path—undelighted by the melody of birds singing around her.

Marion perceived her husband's state of mind, and was grateful for his kindness and unwearied devotion. After the passage of two or three years, she began to lean upon him more heavily, as fading health and drooping spirits brought a sense of weakness not before experienced. No children blessed their union. This well-spring of pleasure came not to their household. Had the hand of a babe moved in the still waters of Marion's heart, their rippling surface would have caught the light of a sunbeam. A babe would have drawn them nearer together—so much nearer as to have brought them within sphere of a mutual attraction. Ah, how many hearts, now united, would have struggled asunder, but for the bond of children!

No children blessed their union, coming to fill their hearts with a common interest, and warm them with a common love. But at length the spirit of Marion, that, like a caged bird, had long bruised itself with fluttering against the bars of its prison, sunk down exhausted, and yielded to the hand which, from the first, had been reached forth caressingly. Then, as we have said, a sense of weakness caused her to lean upon her husband, and his arm, while it supported, drew her gently to his side. In the pressure of that arm she perceived a low thrill of affection, that awakened an answering throb in her almost pulseless bosom. Then she laid her head in tears upon his breast.

Grateful for her husband's unwavering care and tender solicitude, maintained for years, Marion was able, from this time, to return some portion of the love which had been so long lavished upon her in vain. Such, briefly, is the history of five years—the five first years of Marion's wedded life. As a heart-history, how exquisitely painful.

CHAPTER IX.

Five years had passed, and the heart of Marion was beginning to feel the motions of a warmer life. In all that time, she had not seen Appleton, nor had any one mentioned his name in her presence. How much she had thought of him, none but herself knew. Ah! with what earnest efforts had she striven to banish his presence from her mind—vainly striven.

Every summer since their marriage, Mr. Paulding had endeavored to prevail on his wife to accompany him to the sea shore, or to some one of the many inland watering places. But she had always preferred, instead of this, to expend a few weeks with her parents in the old home of her earlier years. Now, however, their physician strongly recommended for her the bracing effects of mountain air, and advised a trip to the Bedford Springs.

"I think I shall gain my point this summer," said Mr. Paulding, as he entered his wife's room on returning home at the close of a day in July. He spoke with a smile on his face, and an air of playful triumph in his voice.

"Gain it in what?" asked Marion, smiling faintly in return.

"You are going to the Springs this season."

"Oh, no!" she replied, and shook her head in a positive way.

"Won't you go, just to gratify me?"

"If it will be a source of gratification to you, I will go, certainly. But—"

The objection was not uttered, though a shadow came over her face.

"I'm sure, Marion," said Mr. Paulding, kindly, "that if you would seek to overcome this reluctance to going abroad, and mingle more in society, you would be happier. Your mind needs excitement; and Doctor Melleville agrees with me in this. I met him to-day, and we had a long talk about you. I did not mention the Springs, but he referred to the subject himself, and said he knew of nothing that promised to be of so much real benefit as a few weeks among the mountains. 'Take her to the Bedford Springs,' said he; 'it will put new life into her veins.' And, you know, that if Doctor Melleville says this, he believes it."

"I'd much rather go up to father's," replied Marion.

She said this with some earnestness, yet forced a smile as she spoke.

"What is most agreeable, is not always best for us," returned Mr. Paulding. "This is something that we are always learning; yet, it seems that we never can arrive at a practical knowledge of the truth."

He spoke very gently and very kindly. This had been his uniform manner towards his wife, during the whole of the long period through which they had come.

"And so Doctor Melleville thinks the mountain air would do me good," said Marion, lifting her eyes from the door, to which they had fallen, and speaking as if she had not heard the last remark of her husband.

"Yes; I think so, too."

"If I consulted my own feelings, I certainly would not go. But it is not always right to yield to our mere inclinations. Perhaps I have done so too much."

"I'm afraid you have, Marion," said Mr. Paulding, in a voice which conveyed more than he had wished to express.

"I will try to be more reasonable in the future," replied Marion.

The tone in which this was uttered, indicated that she had perceived something like rebuke in her husband's tones.

"I did not mean to say that you were unreasonable," quickly answered Mr. Paulding. "I think few women are more governed by reason than you, Marion."

The wife shook her head and smiled; but the light of her smile was feeble.

"Your kind and partial feelings make you see excellencies where others would perceive only glaring faults," said she, leaning towards her husband, and looking earnestly into his face. "Ah! I wish that I were more fitted to make you happy."

Tears came into her eyes, and her voice quivered, as she added—

"You have borne much from me, and always with a patient tenderness for which I have ever felt grateful. In future, I will try better to deserve your love."

Her head sunk upon the breast of her husband, who bent over and kissed her fervently.

For some minutes there was silence.

"You will go with me to the Springs?" at length said Mr. Paulding.

"Oh, yes," whispered Marion, who lay with her eyes closed.

"I know it will do you good."

"Perhaps so." A faint sigh followed this admission.

"The pure, bracing air of the mountains will impart a new vigor to your frame, and this will give your mind a more cheerful impulse. Yes, dear, this trip to Bedford will be of great service. I am so glad you are willing to go."

"Will it give you so much pleasure?"

"Whatever increases your pleasure will add to mine," returned Mr. Paulding, with much feeling.

Marion felt a lightness of spirit not experienced for a long time, after this visit to the Springs was decided upon, and in the subsequent preparations she took a pleasant interest.

In due time, all being ready, Mr. Paulding and his wife started for Bedford. The journey proved to be a very fatiguing one for Marion, and she was really ill on arriving at the Springs. But, the mountain air soon revived her, and in a day or two she was well enough to leave her room and walk out. By the end of a week, her system was braced up wonderfully, and she had made two or three interesting lady acquaintances, in whose society she found a real pleasure. With one of these ladies, a Miss Caroline Everett, from Baltimore, Marion was particularly pleased, and felt drawn towards her as to a sister. After they came to know each other well, they were together a good portion of their time every day, and frequently rambled off into the woods and among the hills alone, so much interested in a mutual interchange of thought as to forget the quick passage of time.

Thus, nearly two weeks glided away. Already was a warmer tinge coming back to the cheek of Mrs. Paulding, and her step had acquired a firmness to which it had long been a stranger. Her spirits, too, had a buoyancy about them, that indicated a mental as well as a bodily improvement.

Soon after breakfast, one morning, Marion and Miss Everett rambled away, and did not return for a couple of hours. As they approached the hotel, Mr. Paulding came out to meet them.

"Are you not well?" asked Marion, looking earnestly into her husband's face, as he joined them.

"Oh, yes," he replied, but the expression of his countenance contradicted his words.

"You cannot be well," returned Marion, in an anxious voice. "How pale you are!"

"Merely a slight indisposition. I shall be better in a little while."

Marion drew her hand within her husband's arm, and said—

"Let us go back to the hotel. You really look sick."

In silence they walked back. Parting from Miss Everett at the door, Mr. Paulding and his wife went up to their room. As soon as they were alone, Marion said to her husband, with much anxiety in her voice—

"You are seriously ill! What does ail you? Has any thing happened? Are you hurt in any way?"

"Oh, no, no!" replied Mr. Paulding, evasively. "But I received a letter this morning, which will probably make it necessary for me to return home immediately."

The color instantly fled from Marion's cheeks.

"Is any one dead?" she asked, in husky tones.

"No, no, nothing of that kind, dear. Only a little business matter."

"It cannot be a little matter if it so troubles you," replied Marion, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking with tender concern into his face.

"Slight causes, sometimes, have power to disturb us seriously. It is because I will have to go back to the city that I am troubled. You are improving so much, and enjoying yourself so well, that I am really pained at the thought of taking you from here."

"Don't think of that for a moment. I am ready to return with you at an hour's notice."

"The stage goes through late this afternoon. I would like to start then, if you think you can bear the fatigue of riding all night."

"I am so much stronger and better than I was when I came up, that I will not suffer from the ride."

"How sorry I am to take you away from here!" said Mr. Paulding. "It is really unfortunate! Every thing was going on so well.—Health and spirits both returning. Ah, me!"

The last words were breathed forth with a deep sigh, while a still more troubled expression came over his countenance.

"I'm really afraid, dear, that something serious has occurred," said Marion. "Don't be afraid to tell me if it is so."

"Nothing to create anxiety, I do assure you," was quickly replied. "What most grieves me is the necessity for leaving here immediately."

"Think nothing of that. I am ready to go home. The only regret I shall have will be in leaving the pleasant society of Miss Everett.—She is a charming girl! I don't know when I have met any one with whom, on a short acquaintance, I have been so much delighted!"

"She resides in Baltimore, I believe?"

"Yes."

"You must invite her to make you a visit."

"It would be to me a source of real pleasure if she were to do so. I must see her before I leave, and get her consent to spend a few weeks with us this fall or winter."

Still the troubled expression of Mr. Paulding's countenance did not subside, but rather increased. He became, moreover, restless; moving about the room, sometimes in an absent, hurried manner, and then, as if his feelings had attained a sort of crisis, throwing himself into a chair, and uttering a long, deep sigh. Marion never remembered to have seen him so much disturbed.

"Something must have happened that you are trying to conceal from me," said she, approaching the subject again. "Do not fear to tell me. Am I not your wife? Whatever rests heavily upon you should bear upon me also."

Though entreated thus earnestly, Mr. Paulding still evaded the subject; saying that his main concern grew out of his reluctance to remove her from a place where she was receiving so much benefit. This, however, did not satisfy Marion; and her heart began to sink under the pressure of approaching, but unknown evil. She understood her husband's character too well to be satisfied with his explanation of his state of mind. Light causes had never disturbed him, and, she was sure, could not disturb him now.

Seeing the effect produced on her mind, Paulding made an effort to rally himself, and appear cheerful. But he did not deceive his wife. She saw that his cheerful air was only assumed.

They had been alone in their room for about an hour, when there came a tap at the door. Paulding, who sat near a window, lost in thought, started, while an anxious expression went over his face. As Marion arose and went towards the door, he half arose also, as if to anticipate the action himself, and then sat down again, evidently in a state of great suspense and even fearful anticipation.

The voice that addressed his wife was that of Miss Everett, who had come to inquire if he were better. Paulding did not hear the reply of Marion, for she passed out into the entry, and closed the door after her. As this occurred, he started to his feet and took two or three strides across the room, with the purpose of following his wife. But he paused suddenly, checked by some counteracting thought, and stood, statue-like, bending towards the door, in a listening attitude. The murmur of voices came to his ear, but the sound gradually diminished, until it faded into silence.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed, or rather groaned, as the distant murmur died, clasping his hands together, and wringing them violently, "all will be lost! Heaven help us!"

Three or four minutes passed, and Paulding yet remained standing where he had checked himself, when the door was flung open, and Marion, with a face like ashes, rushed in. She did not utter a word, but threw herself on the breast of her husband, who clasped his arms tightly around her, and pressed his lips to her white forehead.

The meaning of this we will briefly explain.—On going from her room and joining Miss Everett, Marion informed her that in consequence of letters received from home, it would be necessary to leave the Springs immediately, and that they would take the stage in the afternoon. Of course the friend expressed lively regret at this. Placing her arm within that of Mrs. Paulding, she drew her along the entry, and, on arriving at the stairway, said—

"Come, let us walk in the garden. If you are going so soon, I must have you all to myself for at least half-an-hour more. Oh, I shall be so sorry to part with you!"

Mrs. Paulding moved along by the side of the young lady without resistance. They had descended the stairs, and passed into the piazza, along which they were moving, when Miss Everett said—

"Here is a gentleman who came up from Baltimore this morning. He is an intimate friend of mine, and, as he is coming directly towards us, I will take the liberty of introducing him, if you will permit me to do so."

"To know your friend will—"

So much fell from the lips of Mrs. Paulding. But, there she suddenly paused. In speaking, she turned her eyes towards a gentleman who stood a few paces distant, and who was looking at them intently.

"Doctor Appleton, Mrs. Paulding," said the young lady, as they came up to the person just mentioned.

There was a dead silence for a few seconds, during which time the eyes of Marion and the young man were fixed upon each other as by a spell. In that brief space, each noted the sad change which heart-corroding pain and disappointment had occasioned. The face of Appleton was as pale and thin as that of Marion; and as deeply marked with lines of suffering. Neither of them bowed, nor spoke, nor gave the smallest sign of recognition, but stood looking at each other as if under the influence of some strange fascination.

Suddenly Mrs. Paulding turned and glided away with the swiftness of an arrow.

It was from this encounter that she came back pale, trembling and overcome with agitation to her husband. He needed no explanation. Already he had become aware of Appleton's arrival at the Springs, and this was his reason for wishing to leave the place as speedily as possible. In order to have a reason for returning home, he deceived Marion in regard to having received letters—he had no need to affect concern; of that enough was in his heart.

While lying with her head laid against her husband's breast, Mrs. Paulding strove, with an effort that was agonizingly intense, to withdraw the eyes of her spirit from the pale face of Appleton, upon which her bodily eyes had just rested. But, for a time, it was a vain effort. As distinctly as a living face was it before her, and there was in it something so sad and rebuking, that it affected her with exquisite sorrow.

To let that image remain in her heart, Marion felt to be sin, and, in the anguish of her spirit, as she still rested on the bosom of her husband, she prayed that it might be removed. The tears that came glistening from beneath her tightly closed lids, marked the feeling of helplessness with which she abandoned her own strength and sought for Divine aid. Mr. Paulding saw these tears as they caught and reflected the light, and kissed them tenderly away.

A little while afterwards, Marion raised her head, and drawing her arms around her husband's neck, pressed, fervently, her lips to his.

This was all that passed between them on that subject; but they fully understood each other. On the same day they left the Springs and commenced their journey homeward.

CHAPTER X.

One evening, about a week previous to the time fixed upon for the marriage of Mr. Paulding and Marion, the young man named Jasper, sat reading, when there came a quick, loud rap at his door.

"Come in," he cried.

Our Portrait Gallery.

HUMBOLDT.

We present our readers with a portrait of that distinguished savant, Alexander Von Humboldt. This eminent philosopher was born at Berlin, September 14th, 1769. He is consequently now over eighty years of age. During the whole of this long life he has been actively engaged in the pursuit of physical science, his contributions to which are almost as numerous as his years. He has visited almost every quarter of the world as a scientific traveller. His most celebrated scientific expedition was that in which he explored the regions of Central America, in the years 1799–1805. The results of that expedition have been of the utmost importance to science. The publications connected with it fill no less than seventeen magnificent [illegible] importance [illegible] was one to Central Asia, commenced in 1829. In this journey he explored the Uralian Mountains, the Caspian Sea, and the frontiers of China. The results were published at Paris in 1843. His latest work is the Kosmos, published in 1847. Humboldt is said to be on the most intimate terms of personal friendship with the King and royal family of Prussia, by whom he is held in the highest estimation.

The door swung open, and Henry Appleton, his face haggard and troubled, stepped into the room.

"How are you, my friend?" said Jasper, meeting him with a cheerful smile, and grasping his hand at the same time. "How are you?"

"Wretched!" was replied in a deep emphatic voice; "wretched!"

"Don't look so gloomy!" said Jasper, as he still held his friend's hand. "Sit down, and let us talk together. Perhaps I can say something that will cheer you up."

"It is to talk to you that I have come. Ah, me! I wish I had paid more heed to what you said over a year ago. How mad we are sometimes. Curse that lying old Zadac! That I should have been such a consummate fool!"

"Calm yourself, Henry," said Jasper. "Excitement ever leaves the mind more unhappy than it was before. But come, sit down, sit down. What is it you wish to say to me?"

Appleton took the chair his friend proffered, and as he seated himself, said—

"I want to ask you a simple question, and I wish a direct answer."

"Say on," returned Jasper.

"Is Paulding to be married next week?"

"Yes."

"To Marion Hale?"

"Yes."

"Jasper," said Appleton, with the calmness of suppressed feeling—"that sacrifice must not be!"

"Why do you call it a sacrifice? There is no compulsion."

"Because it is such. Marion does not love him."

"A mere assumption on your part."

"No! I tell you no! She does not love him."

"Your evidence?"

"That!" And the young man drew a crumpled letter from his pocket, and thrust it towards Jasper. "Read that!"

Jasper unfolded the letter and read—

"It is too late, Henry Appleton! Too late! Heaven be merciful to us both!

"MARION."

"When did you get this?" he inquired.

"You see the date."

"Months ago?"

"Yes. When you informed me that she was engaged to Paulding, I wrote immediately, and this was my answer. She was engaged and would not violate her engagement, though her heart broke. Am I not right? Is not her marriage to be a sacrifice? But it must not be."

"It cannot now be prevented, Henry."

"It can; and it must be. I place this letter in your hands. Take it to Paulding, and if he have the heart of a man, he will release her."

"No, my friend, I cannot do that," said Jasper, shaking his head.

"Why not?"

"Such an act might be fraught with the worst consequences."

"No consequences are half so much to be dreaded, as those which will flow from this marriage," said Appleton. "I am sure its consummation will break her heart, and goad me on to madness."

"Hearts do not break so easily," said Jasper, with a smile, "and as for madness, that I believe rarely happens with those who anticipate the event."

"I'm in no mood for trifling!" remarked Appleton, sternly. "Will you, or will you not do as I wish?"

"I cannot do it, Henry," replied Jasper.

"Then I will see Paulding myself. He shall not take this step without sufficient warning."

"You will only produce pain. As for hindering the marriage, that is out of the question."

"Do you think Paulding would take for his wife a woman who had written to another man, as Marion has written to me?" asked Appleton, in a half exultant tone. "Poorly as I esteem him, I do not believe he is so lost as that to all independent feeling and true sensibility."

"He will not believe you," said Jasper.

"I will let the writing speak for itself."

"He will deem it a mere forgery."

"And charge the forgery on to me!" exclaimed Appleton, his eyes flashing fire.

"He may not do that, orally; though, to the conclusion he will doubtless come."

"Be that as it may, he shall see the letter. I owe it both to myself and Marion, to prevent this marriage, if possible. And, if I can prevent it, the time is not far off when even Paulding will thank me for the act."

"Appleton," said Jasper, speaking in a deliberate and serious voice—"To your own folly is all this chargeable. When Marion was free to accept your offer of marriage, you maintained towards her, on the subject, the most entire silence. You visited her regularly, yet breathed not to her a word of your intentions, although you did not hesitate to affirm in the hearing of others, that she was destined to become your bride. Moreover, your conduct in some things was of a character to make any sensible woman turn her thoughts from you, no matter how much you had interested her feelings. You abandoned the study of a profession on the mere declaration of an old Astrologer, that you were to obtain a fortune—what no man in his right senses would have done—and, in various other ways produced the common impression that your reason was impaired. No wonder, then, taking into consideration the fact that you maintained toward Miss Hale an entire reserve on the subject of marriage, that she should have accepted an offer from another direction. And, now that she has done so, pray take my advice, and do not distress her with your persecutions. Bear the evil you have called down upon your own head—and bear it like a man. Here your path and that of Marion's diverge. Go each your different ways in life, and think no more of each other; for that is not only fruitless, but a crime."

"You will not do as I wish?" was all the reply that Appleton made.

"No, Henry, I cannot."

"Very well. Then I must do it myself. Good night!"

Before Jasper could speak, Appleton was passing through the door. He called after him, but the young man paid no heed to his words.

On emerging into the street, Appleton moved hurriedly along for the distance of a block or two, and then paused suddenly, as if arrested by a thought. For more than a minute he stood in the spot where he had checked his footsteps, and then started forward again, walking as rapidly as before. Pausing at length before a dwelling house, he ascended the steps and rung the bell.

"Is Mr. Paulding at home?" he inquired of the servant who came to the door.

"No, sir," was replied.

"How soon do you expect him home?"

"Not for a couple of weeks."

"What! Is he not in the city?"

"No, sir."

"Has he gone to Belleville?" was the next eagerly asked question.

"Yes, sir. He left for there to-day."

Appleton turned and walked slowly from the door, stood for a few moments before the house, and then moved away with lingering steps. His mind was confused, and his thoughts undeterminate. He was as if stunned by a blow.

Of what transpired during the next ten days Appleton never had any thing more than a very indistinct recollection. When again conscious, he found himself lying upon a bed, in a small room, through the window of which his eyes took in a beautiful landscape, bathed in the golden beams from a setting sun. The room and its plain old furniture were strange to him, and so was the scene that opened before him through the window.

In the effort to comprehend his position, his mind became cloudy, and all his ideas thrown into a tangled mass, and some moments elapsed before he emerged again from this bewildered state.

"Where am I? What does this mean?" he said, at length partly raising himself up. But, he was so weak that he could not support the weight of his body, and sunk back in the bed with a groan.

Almost immediately the door of the room was opened, and a man, beyond the prime of life, whose dress and aspect indicated his calling to be that of a clergyman, came in.

"I am glad to find you better, my young friend," said this person, in a mild voice, as he sat down by the bedside and took Appleton's hand in his own.

"But where am I? and what does this mean? I do not understand it," returned the young man, fixing his eyes with a look of earnest inquiry upon the stranger.

"You are too weak now to bear explanations," replied the minister—for such was his calling. "Every thing will depend on your remaining perfectly quiet."

"But, answer me one question. Where am I?"

"You are in the village of Belleville."

"Belleville!" Appleton started up and then fell back with a groan upon his pillow. For nearly five minutes he lay almost motionless with closed eyes and contracted brow, while the minister sat by his side gazing anxiously upon his face. Then looking up he said—

"Answer me one more question."

The minister shook his head, and placed his finger on his lip.

"Have I been guilty of any act of violence?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Thank God!" was breathed audibly.

"One more question."

Again the minister sought to enjoin silence.

"What day of the month is this?"

The date was mentioned.

"Can this be so! Where have I been for ten days? What has happened? How came I here?"

"My dear young friend," said the minister, "your life depends on a perfect freedom from excitement. You have been dangerously ill, and are now just over the crisis. A relapse will be fatal. In a few days you will be stronger; then I will tell you all that I know."

"Belleville—Belleville," murmured Appleton, seeking to comprehend the meaning of his position. "One more question; just one more."

"Have I not said that your life depends on freedom from all excitement?" said the minister. "Ask no more questions now."

"Marion Hale—Is she married?"

"Let me beg of you not to commit self-murder! Be quiet now. A few days more and—"

"I wish that question answered now," replied Appleton, in a calm voice, interrupting the minister. "The appointed time has gone by. Was she married?"

"Yes. I performed the sacred rite."

"Enough! It is over. Hush, hush! Be still my trembling heart," said the young man, speaking to himself, as he closed his eyes, while a more death-like paleness overspread his face.

The minister, alarmed for the effect of his extorted communication, sat anxiously watching the countenance of the invalid for several minutes, during which time his eyes remained shut, and every voluntary muscle as still as if touched by the hand of death.

"Mr. Appleton," at length said the minister, in a low, anxious voice.

The eyes of the invalid flew open instantly, and the surprise he felt at hearing his name uttered was visible in his countenance.

"May the God of peace send you comfort," breathed fervently the minister, as he laid his hand gently on the young man's forehead. "May He give strength equal to the day of trial, and hope when the night seems darkest."

"Amen," sighed Appleton, glancing upwards with a quick motion of the eyes, and then letting the lids fall tightly over them.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Choice Poetry.

FROM SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

THE POET OF TO-DAY.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

What siren joys from thy high trust hath won thee,
Oh, Poet of to-day!—thou still unheard,
Though struggling nations cast their eyes upon thee,
And the roused world is waiting for thy word?

Why lingerest thou amid the summer places,
The gardens of romance, the haunt of dreams,
'Mid verdurous shadows lit by fairy faces,
And fitful playing of soft, golden gleams?

There have thy fiery thoughts and hopes betaken
To still delights, and loneliness, and rest,
Thy life to quiet gliding, lest it waken
The languid lilies sleeping on its breast.

The rudest wind which comes where thou art lying,
Listening the chiming waters as they flow,
May scarcely set the mournful pines a-sighing,
Or shake down rose-leaves on thy dreaming brow.

Arouse! look up, to where above thee tower
Regions of being, grander, freer, higher,
Where God reveals His presence and His power,
E'en as of old, in thunders and in fire.

Then stray no longer in the valleys vernal—
Ascend where darkness and great lights belong,
Sunshine and tempest—scale the heights eternal,
Go forth and tread the mountain-paths of song!

From those far summits shall thy thought's clear voicing
Fall like the sweep of torrents on the world;
Thy lays speed forth, exultant and rejoicing,
Their eagle pinions on the winds unfurled.

Ah, when the soul of ancient song was blending
With the rapt bard's in his immortal strains,
'Twas like the wine drank on Olympus, sending
Divine intoxication through the veins.

It brought strange, charmed words and magic-singing
And forms of beauty burning on the sight—
Young loves their flight through airs ambrosial winging,
And dark-browed heroes arming for the fight—

The trumpet's "golden cry,"—the shield's quick flashing—
The dance of banners and the rush of war—
Death-showers of arrows and the spear's sharp clashing—
The homeward rolling of the victor's car!

But ah! in all that song's heroic story
Had sad Humanity one briefest part?
Sounds through the clang of words, the storm, the glory,
One sharp, strong cry from out her bleeding heart?

But unto thee the soul of song is given,
Oh, Poet of to-day! a grander dower
Comes from a holier than the Olympian heaven,
In holier beauty and in larger power.

To thee Humanity her woes revealing,
Would all her griefs and ancient wrongs rehearse;
Would make thy song the voice of her appealing,
And sob her mighty sorrows through thy verse.

While in her season of great darkness sharing,
Hail thou the coming of each promise-star
Which climbs the midnight of her long despairing,
And watch for morning o'er the hills afar.

Wherever Truth her holy warfare wages,
Or Freedom pines, there let thy voice be heard;
Sound like a prophet-warning down the ages,
The human utterance of God's living word.

But bring not thou the battle's stormy chorus,
The tramp of armies, and the roar of fight,
Nor war's hot smoke to taint the sweet morn o'er us,
Nor blaze of pillage, reddening up the night.

Oh! let thy lays prolong that angel-singing,
Girdling with music the Redeemer's star,
And breathe God's peace, to earth "glad tidings" bringing
From the near heavens, of old so dim and far.

A Capital Story.

CAPTAIN THINGAMY.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

A poet has urged that there is very little in a name—remarking that a rose by any other name would be equally odoriferous. I am sufficiently barbarous in my tastes to differ from the great poetical philosopher, and in defence of my own ideas, narrate the following story, which is strictly historical, and may be found in a few lines in several records of the French Navy. It will at all events prove that a name may be a very dangerous thing at times, and place the owner of it in awkward and uncomfortable predicaments. My illustration is not singular, and is selected from many, because it contains certain subsidiary incidents likely to interest.

At the very height of the revolutionary fever of 1792, and when nearly all the remnants of old families had emigrated from France to seek refuge in Germany and England from a torrent they had not the heart nor chivalry to stem, there remained some few exceptions. A few, like Rouget de l'Isle, the author of the "Marseillaise," remained in the mother country, and, indifferent to the changes of government which popular feeling had brought about, determined to serve their native land, no matter by what name the central authority might be designated. Among those who did not consult this predilection as to whether it was less proper to serve the Convention than Louis XVI., was a young noble, by name Count Le Roy Louis de St. Cyr—a designation as fitting for the day as would have been Lord King Charles St. Peter in the time of Praise-God Barebones. In 1792 all appellations which relished of the old state of things had vanished. The word "citizen" had effaced "sir;" and Brutus, Scævola, Scipio, Rienzi, and other names celebrated in history, had taken the place of the Jeans and Jacques, and especially the Louises, which were held in abhorrence. Streets and towns to which Saint was affixed had dropped the handle to their names, while inns and trades made prominent by signs had all adopted patriotic designations.

Count Le Roy Louis de St. Cyr was a brave and able naval officer. By the desertion of all the other nobles, who composed almost exclusively the officers of the navy before the Revolution, he found himself at five-and-twenty captain of the magnificent frigate Venus, manned by as terrible a crew as ever volunteered to eat up the English for their country's good. He alone was what was called a ci-devant—that is an ex, meaning an ex-noble. All his subordinates were young officers who had served before the mast, and who had more experience than manners, more nautical knowledge than theoretical education. The French Navy was at this time under a strange discipline. The officers were appointed by the state, but the crew always confirmed or rejected the appointment at their will. The foremast-men and petty officers were hot patriots, wore red caps, and had their clubs on board, those of the extreme revolutionary party being always in the majority. Long discussions were held on all points concerning the service. The amount of respect to be shown to officers was rigorously discussed, as well as the amount of obedience. Of course the superiors were thee and thou'd without mercy, while in few ships was it usual to touch the hat when speaking to them. Moreover, the men freely asked a reason for any order they received, and, until it was given, refused obedience, except in cases of urgency. This extraordinary position of affairs would at any other time have totally disorganised the service, and annihilated the efficiency of the navy; but at this moment of brief but wild enthusiasm its effects were scarcely ever bad. Luckily this system did not outlive the enthusiasm.

The Venus lay in the harbor of Brest, undergoing some necessary refitting, which promised to occupy a month, and Captain St. Cyr, whose department this did not essentially concern, resided ashore, the more willingly that he was not quite as well as might have been wished. Young, handsome, elegant in person and manners, the ex-noble was, however, sufficiently sensible to adopt all the habits of the times. It was to his scrupulous observance of trifles, and by other qualities, that he had escaped prison and death, although bearing a name which was, in the days of the guillotine, a living and hourly condemnation. But the young man was mild, affable, and unassuming. Brave as a lion on his deck, and obeyed with passive respect by his men, he had never fought a duel. While his crew had gruff answers enough for the newly-raised officers, who spoke their own language, and whose manners were their own, they never presumed upon the license of the times with St. Cyr. Several infractions of discipline had been firmly punished by him after a trial before a jury of half officers, half men, who, led by the calm statement of their captain, always decided according to his opinion. But he never punished without good cause, and was adored by his men, who, if they were licentiously free, were ill-paid and ill-fed enough to afford them an excuse for being unruly.

On shore, the captain was equally clever and popular. He lodged with a saddler named Boutard, and even took his meals with the family, composed of the father, mother, and a very pretty daughter, whose name had been changed from Antoinette to Lucrezia. Lucrezia was a charming innocence, as the French say, of nineteen—sprightly, handsome, good-hearted, and pure-minded. Her education had been neglected; but Captain St. Cyr was so good-natured, that, for the eighteen months he had at long intervals lodged in the house, he had amused himself by making up for this deficiency. The family adored their lodger, as worthy people always do when they have a nice young man under such paternal sway; but, despite the republican severity of the times, and the undoubted civism of Citizen Boutard, they reverenced the noble, and, despite all his advances, had never ventured on familiarity with him. They delighted in his urbanity; they proclaimed his admirable democratic manners every where; but they, one and all, remembered the distance which society had placed between them only twenty-four months previously. Old Boutard spoke to the young man with dogged respect, the Citoyenne or Citizeness Boutard with affectionate respect; while Lucrezia addressed him always as a being who was too great and mighty for familiar intercommunion. Nothing that young St. Cyr could do altered this state of things. Every morning and every afternoon the young officer took his breakfast and dinner with his landlord, put Lucrezia in the way of her studies, and then retired to his own. The evening he spent partly at a club, and partly at a coffee-house, where he read the news from Paris, now of a truly tremendous character. Having perused the papers, chatted with the habitual visitors, chiefly naval officers, he returned to the Rue du Dix Aout—so called in commemoration of the 10th of August, the date of the overthrow of the monarchy—and supped with his host's family. His visits to his ship were performed at dawn.

One day after dinner, Captain Le Roy Louis de St. Cyr sat at the table of the Citoyen Boutard longer than usual. He did not speak. He was in a profound reverie, and his companions religiously respected his silence. The old man smoked away, the mother knitted a stocking, the daughter copied some manuscript music which the naval officer had borrowed from a friend.

"Citoyen Boutard," suddenly exclaimed the captain, starting from his reverie, "have you any objection to take me for a son-in-law?"

The honest saddler let his pipe fall to the ground, and shivered it to atoms; the good wife dropped some two or three dozen stitches; while Lucrezia turned white and red, and smeared her whole paper with blots.

"Monsieur le Comte!" said Boutard, looking with an air of regret at his favorite pipe.

"I think you said monsieur and count!" observed St. Cyr, with good-natured irony.

"I beg pardon, Citoyen Capitaine; but why do you joke with me?"

"Citizen Boutard, or rather Papa Boutard, I am so much in earnest, that if you wont have me, I shall use the right which the law gives me; and taking your daughter by the hand, ask the justice to unite us. But all joking apart, my dear friend, I love your child; if she can find it in her heart to take me, and you to permit our union, this will be the happiest day of my life."

"But Monsieur le Comte, this is impossible!—Your rank, your family, your—"

"Ta, la, la!" cried Captain St. Cyr, stopping the bewildered saddler; "why, you are talking treason by the yard. Recollect that we are under a Republic, that all distinctions are abolished, and that to say what you have just said in public would cost you your head!"

"But, wife," said Boutard, more astonished than ever, "do I hear aright? Is it possible? And you, child?"

The Citoyenne Boutard made no reply, being too much astonished to speak; while Lucrezia bowed her head almost to the table, as if wiping away the blots on her paper.

"My dear friend," continued St. Cyr, "yes or no?"

"Yes, yes! proud and happy father that I am! But speak, child; it is for you to answer."

"I have always been an obedient daughter," said Lucrezia, in a low and almost inaudible tone.

"That is not enough," said the honest saddler more calmly. "I married your mother because she loved me, and because she wished it, I hope, as much as I did; and we have never repented. My daughter—my only child—shall not marry to please her father. Speak, girl; am I to refuse? I am ready, though a wish I never dared to hope for can now be realized."

"Speak, Lucrezia!" put in the captain, humbly.

"I never ventured—I couldn't hope," said the daughter, sobbing in her mother's arms; "but I should have died if the captain had married any one else."

This answer of the agitated girl satisfied all parties. The naval officer was enraptured, the parents delighted; and Lucrezia—who had never suspected the long-cherished passion of the young count, but who, seeing him every day, had unconsciously entwined her heart round his existence—was painfully happy, so much had the scene taken her by surprise.

It was late when the captain went to his coffee-house, which he found full. The end of the ex-king's trial was approaching, and the public mind had been worked up to a perfect frenzy of excitement. The Paris papers of the day were actually fought for by the eager quidnuncs. The captain took his seat in a corner, heard all the reports of the day, and then entered into conversation with some of his friends. While talking, he noticed a young man—a provision-merchant of his own street—advance towards him with some companions in loud conversation. Marcus Brutus Cauchard was one of the followers of Marat, and President of the Cordeliers Club at Brest. More from mad and frenzied ardor than cruelty, he denounced all suspicious persons with eager and furious haste, and had sent many a victim to the scaffold. His influence with the mob was great; and though more moderate people were in the majority, by dint of energy and loud talking the minority was generally master. Marcus aspired to the hand of Lucrezia; but, though always repelled by the young girl, still looked upon success as certain. The imprudent and proud Boutard had himself undeceived him; and the enraged provision-merchant went in search of his rival, with a treacherous and base scheme in his head.

"Hast heard, Citizen Pontius Pilate," said he, to a hideous Jew, who was his toady, "of the festival for to-morrow? It is to celebrate the Age of Reason. We must have a better goddess than the theatre can give us. Who votes for Lucrezia, the beauty of Brest?"

"All!—all!" cried most of the persons in the café.

"And what sayest thou, captain?" continued Cauchard.

"That the excellent citoyenne cannot, and will not, perform the part which requires a bolder and more experienced actress."

"Dost hear the aristo?" cried Marcus, with fury. "He thinks the young lady too delicate to do honor to the Republic."

"Not to serve the Republic as a good daughter and an excellent wife, but too delicate to be made the subject of a coffee-house quarrel."

And the captain quietly left the place. Two hours later, he was arrested under the terrible accusation of being a suspected person, which in most cases was equivalent to condemnation to death.

Marcus Brutus Cauchard was a member of the terrible tribunal which at Brest decided on the fitness of its inhabitants for the guillotine or for liberty; and the very next morning the naval captain was brought before the bench of judges, the denouncer sitting apart to guide the process. The captain was calm and firm, though pale with having passed a sleepless night. His color soon came, however, when he saw his beloved Lucrezia, her father and mother, among the dense crowd which filled the large hall. The judges were seven, and sat at a green-baize table, Marcus being behind them. The public accuser stood at one end, the prisoner at the other. A dozen gendarmes kept order.

"Prisoner," said one of the judges, "thou art accused of being an ex-noble, the son of a duke and duchess."

"Citizen President, I didn't choose my father and mother."

The audience laughed. The captain was a clever man: he knew very well that in that time of popular omnipotence he must speak to the populace: they were his real judges.

"Thy observation is correct, citizen; but except retaining thy pay as an officer, what proof of civism and devotion to the Republic hast thou given?"

"I have offered my sword to my country; and to prove my contempt for the rank you make a crime, I was yesterday accepted as the husband of Lucrezia Boutard, the lovely daughter of an honest, hard-working citizen."

The audience murmured their applause, Marcus ground his teeth, and the judges looked puzzled.

"Very proper abnegation of pride," continued the judge, after being refreshed by Marcus. "But thou wilt not deny that thou art called Le Roy Louis de St. Cyr?"

"Certainly not."

"Ah, ha!" said the President, with a look of triumph, while many of the crowd growled forth their dislike, "thou insultest the nation by such a name!"

"I didn't give myself these names."

"But thou wilt not deny, prisoner, that the nation having abolished the title Le Roy (old spelling of Le Roi), thou art guilty of insult in preserving it in thy name."

"Citoyen, the truth of thy observation is as plain as thy wisdom. Henceforth I suppress the king."

The audience grinned good-humoredly. The judges looked angry.

"But, citizen—and I recommend thee to be respectful—if thou abolishest the king, thou preservest the hated name of Louis, abhorred by all Frenchmen."

"Why hated?" said the captain, smothering his indignation, for he respected the misfortunes of Louis XVI. while adhering to the government of his enemies.

"Why hated?" thundered the delighted judge; "because it is the name of a tyrant now being tried for his crimes."

"Thou speakest of the Citoyen Capet," observed the naval officer, adopting the popular style.

"Still," cried the President, annoyed by another general grin, "it is the name he once went by."

"Let us then consider it suppressed. Le Roy Louis gone, I remain with an easier name."

"Prisoner," continued the judge, again prompted by Marcus, "thou art next called de St. Cyr; now de is an aristocratic adjunct."

"We won't quarrel about particles, Citizen President; I suppress the de." Applause greeted this sally.

"But the St. Cyr?" cried the judge. "Are not saints abolished also?"

"Ma foi! I don't know," replied the captain, "not having the honor of these gentlemen's acquaintance, except it be St. Barbe (the powder magazine). But I cut off the St., and remain the Citizen Cyr."

"Not so," screamed the enraged but indefatigable judge; "Cyr is an epithet of royalty." (Cyr and Sire are pronounced the same in French.)

"Let us then abolish the Cyr," said the officer quietly, "and I remain Captain nothing, or—stay—I must have a name, and I can't think of borrowing one. Henceforth, Citizen President, I take and assume the name of Captain Chose."

Roars of laughter, inextinguishable, tumultuous, greeted this assumption of the name of Captain Thingamy or Thingumbob, the only translation of Captain Chose in English; and the judges saw that the populace had given their verdict, which they dared not impugn. Still the irate and vindictive Marcus determined on one last effort, and the President became his organ.

"Prisoner, certainly the name of Captain Chose, the affianced husband of the Citoyenne Boutard, is civic enough; but I have one more crime to accuse thee of: thou art the captain of a fine frigate, christened by the satellites of the monarchy the Venus. Why hast thou not adopted some more patriotic epithet?"

"Citizen President, I found my frigate with this name, and with a figure-head representing the celebrated lady in question. But I bow to thy objection, Citizen President, and taking into consideration the wants of the times, and the peculiar habiliments of the so-called goddess, I give notice that Captain Chose is henceforth commander of the Sans-culottes."

The delight of the crowd was intense. "Vive le Capitaine Chose!" "Vive la République!" "Vive la Belle Sans-culottes!" roared the hoarse voices of the people, and in five minutes more the naval officer was carried away in triumph. The sailor's joke about Venus's want of pantaloons, and the happy application of the popular epithet assumed by all extra-warm patriots, excited frenzied enthusiasm, and the chairing only ended at the town-hall, where the despotic but good-humored populace insisted the marriage should take place that day, and at once. The escape of the cool and self-possessed captain, was too rare and happy an occurrence not to silence all scruples, and in two hours more the marriage was celebrated, being secretly performed over again by a priest. The minister of marine, informed of the event, sent a brevet of commander—equal to our post-captain, I believe—to Captain Chose, and the name remained. Under the Empire the naval officer retired to the wreck of his estates with his wife, while at the Restoration, offended at remarks made about the original rank of his spouse, he never resumed his titles. He proudly preserved his name legalized under the Republic, and which, though not very common, is yet frequently to be found. A happy marriage Marcus Cauchard made that day, and all Brest long remembered Captain Thingamy of the Sans-culottes.

☞ An Irishman being asked what was the worst enemy of mankind, replied, "The fire, to be sure, for it always 'bates' us."

Our Correspondents

INDIAN CIVILIZATION.

BY GEORGE CONWAY, OF THE OSEWAY NATION.

MR. EDITOR:—*Your readers will have noticed* by the papers throughout the Union, of the plan I have presented before the American people of my endeavors to save a remnant of the scattered Indian tribes of the North-West.

I will endeavor to give a short outline, in three or four letters, of the matter, as follows:—

1st. Why the Indians have not improved, and why they have decreased in numbers when coming in contact with the European, since the first commencement of their intercourse until the present.

2nd. The fatal error that they never will hold a peaceable possession of any great portion of the West.

3rd. The plan I advocate, and its practicability.

4th. The benefit it must be to the Indian, the Government, and to the Indians.

1st. In this letter, *Why they have not improved, and why they have decreased in numbers?*

To give a statement of all the disadvantages they have had to encounter would not be in accordance with my present object, as well as with the necessary compass of one with common sense to your columns; yet I will mention a few. In their intercourse with the frontier settlers they met with the worst classes of pale faces. They soon adopted their foolish ways and their vices, and their morals being thus poisoned and prostrated, the idleness and sedentism which the better classes would teach them are forestalled. The Indian is not to be wondered at when it is generally known that the frontier settlers are made up of wild, adventurous spirits, willing to raise themselves by the down-fall of the Indian race. These are traders, spirit-sellers, horse thieves, counterfeiters and scrape-gallowses who neither fear God nor regard the laws of man. When the Indians come in contact with such men, as we are aware of, they can to strange ear-ears against the other, and if possible involve the two in a war that they may engage in their favorite work of depredation.

2nd. Their Laws of Advancement Life.

Their natures having been Nomadic, in a literal sense, they have lulled in their feelings.

Not that I would have you suppose that there is no such thing as reaching the American mind by the peaceful arts of agriculture, for he has already proved himself teachable. The settlements will furnish the Americus people have come upon them, has prevented them from gradually acquiring the arts of civilized life; and having local employment, they have lusted for a living, and thus perpetrated that independent, roaming disposition which was their early education.

3rd. The Agriculture of Mind they experience in the better land Government would treat their lands and they be removed to the West.

None but an Indian can, perhaps, rightly judge of the deleterious influence which the repeated removals of the Indians has wrought upon their progress in the days of Jefferson, and have been continued by succeeding administrations, until now. Fear has prevented the Indians from making any very great advancement in agricultural science.

Having seen the removal of the other Indian tribes, they have been conscious of the fact that the Government may any deathtime will want more land, and they be obliged to sell at whatever price Government may see fit to give, and thus all improvements they might have made would become useless to them.

In some instances, the Missionaries have done well in advising the mild and warring dispositions of the Indians, but those instances have been rendered by the removal of the Indians westward, and should be say might, be represented by the agents in an antagonistical attitude towards his own Government, *and the Indian has been the sufferer.*

4th. The most of Schools of the character that are expected for the advancement of the Indians.

I mean schools where they may be dispersed with as the matter power of acquiring education, and where rational things are to be taught in a rational manner. I am whipping to learn in brutish and degrading;—I speak of it in a moment.

Gentle persuasion, is that *word* which has done the most for me and others. Many a school teacher who has gone into the Indian country, but just as much right to become a teacher in the fashions, as I have to act in the capacity of "Old Bendy and Kendy."

You will tell me, no doubt, that the Indians have been taught the advantages of education—that some even have gone and attended, not only the common school, but scholars of a high order colleges, and have returned to the forest again—have put on the blanket and resumed their habits. That has not always been the case. I might name a great many, who, to my knowledge, have gone and are now doing well for themselves and for their people.

The reasons for their returning back again, were the absence of a good moral training, and their not having learned any trade with which to be employed on their leaving the schools. Having no employment, and no money, they found themselves in possession of all the qualities of a gentleman, without the requisite funds to support themselves.

Some of their teachers where they went, knowing only christianity in theory, and not by a practical knowledge of the persuasive influences of its truths in the heart and soul, have could they teach them what they are destitute of themselves? Upon the pages of imposition—and so fast as the clouds of ignorance shall roll away, let the warm rays from Him who smiles from the sky, into the soul. The mind of the Indian, well polished, shall then shine, like the pure pearl from the ocean.

The cause of education and christianity must be to him, what the waggons to engine, can never be contested before the end of all.

Teaching the Indians in their own language what little would have learned, is one of those errors in which the majority of Missionaries have fallen considerably all over the country. I have endeavored to persuade them to teach my people English, and their reader afterwards tells me,—*We know more than you do*—and therefore, a great amount of time, and a treasure, does annually, and has been expended in translating and publishing a few books. We have been able to learn but the last century of England. Our language perpetuates our own times of civilization, as well as the old usages in our nations and consequently, how limited we are in acquiring knowledge. On the other hand, by giving them an English education, you introduce them into the endless field of English literature, and from the accumulated experience of the past, they might learn the elements which would prevent the greatest amount of good to their nation. The English language, it is true, is very hard to learn, but once it is to be the universal language in all lands, the sooner you give them the the better. I consider this part of my letter by stating that the most opposite thing to the Indian is the three—*a mechanical or an agricultural education, a high-toned literature, and a rational moral training.* Are they to be made what they are capable. Improve him if thou—you make him degraded.

3rd. The great quantity of land which they have conveyed to themselves for the purpose of farming.

Time will fetid, filled with a variety of game, perpetuate the native propensity of roaming by the use of the bow and arrow; instead of industriously plowing and sowing the seed in season. When they can have a piece of land they can call their own, and so limited that the necessity of game shall oblige them to be out for a subsistence, then they will improve, and the sooner that state of things is brought about will be better.

4th. The many advantages accruing to the nation, as an enlightened and prosperous people.

I know I shall be censured here—I can only appeal to the experience of the past, and leave every one to decide for himself. The Indian, not knowing abstract truths, cannot possibly understand the foundation of the many sectional names which he is called to unite and adopt. Forms of worship, varied as they are, have been urged on him, and as being professed, he must take or be considered a heathen.

Veneration and devotion make up the Indian's heart. Take him as he is, mind and body, and he will soon see the right from the wrong. We want a well-united band. I have spoken of the sins of some that my thing will do for the Indians.

Other reasons might be given, for space allows it not. I proceed to give, in conclusion, a few of the reasons why they wonder have been removed.

1st. *The frontier settlers and the Europeans.*—

The Indian nations had no small part or consideration. The small pox had destroyed thousands and it has been introduced into this country. Entire families have perished. Many an ill-fated tribe have followed their ancestors down to the grave, haggard, diseased, wretched and lunkhouse, by the disease which keeps pace with the 4-7 mercbery towards the West.

These diseases, not many of them being known before, they knew not how to check their dreadful progress.

2nd. *Wars which they have made on each other since the introduction of firearms.*

Before this, the weapons they used against one another were not so destructive as the rifle has been since. With the gun they have been so expert as to destroy the game for their entire subsistence. Champlain, in the year of 1609, supplied the Algonquins of the North with the weapons of war, that they might successfully wage war with the Iroquois. The latter supplied the Six Nations with the same materials. The Spaniards of the South, and others, might be cited, which has very nobody. They everything has a vengeance war from a civilized and Christianized nation, guaranteed a free use of them.

3rd. *Wars which have raged on this country between the nations.*

During these wars the Indian has been called from the wants to share his fearless nature, and for obeying, and obeying himself fearless, it is said of him that he is—"a man without a fear." He has been engaged with the same—a warrior, and by the very proper who called for his aid, and gave to, by the end of these mighty contests, the nation has been put in the front ranks, as the most dangerous positions, and has consequently been left to fall.

4th. Bad Intercourse.—*The introduction of spirituous liquors.*

This has been greater than all other evils combined. Intemperance, a *first class* paper, on the *topmost and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent *to*.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as the name of each Post Office.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor on us by calling the attention of those who may call on them to the fact.

HOUSTON'S SPEECH.

We are indebted to Hon. C. Durkee, of the House of Representatives, for a copy of the speech of Gen. Houston, of Texas, made in the Senate on the 8th ult.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Canada we have two weeks later intelligence from Europe. The cotton had declined from 1 to ½d a penny. Flour had declin 6d. per barrel. Corn—Coffee dull.

The most important political intelligence from England is, that in a late debate and vote upon the Irish question, the Ministry sustained themselves by only 21 majority. Some very powerful articles have appeared in England, from the pen of Lord Brougham, the object being to show by a large majority, that the Government must soon go out. Certain large farms, that it is impossible for tenants to pay their rents and clear expenses, at the present prices of English agricultural products. It is very evident that a great reaction is taking place upon the Free Trade question; whether that reaction will be sufficient to alter the present policy of Great Britain, is yet to be determined. They are evidently but authoring her indebtedness, and the policy of Free Trade or of Protection be firmly settled down upon, we see great and almost inevitable misery ahead for England. If Free Trade be adhered to, her large agricultural population will probably be reduced to a state of things, corresponding somewhat to what is seen in Ireland. If Protection be adopted on its place, the manufacturing districts will be crippled, at the same time that the prices of provisions are raised, and the financial wrong operations will be exposed to the most dreadful solicitations. In either case, disaster, ruin, must come. It is only a choice of evils. And how can it be otherwise with a nation whose very existence, as some of her politicians have asserted, "depends upon her manufacturing cotton cloth a day?" Ireland is the conclusion of her nation. The idea of a great nation being based upon the idea of a few millions cloth a penny cheaper than it can be made any where else!

England still continues the blockade of the Tagus, and the Portuguese fleet is still in the waters of the Tagus.

Russia and Austria have come to a settlement between the two parties. Russia and Austria intend the immediate application of force.

The Socialists were to have a grand demonstration on the 14th ult. Military preparations to some had been made to keep the peace. It appears to be the general feeling abroad, that the present movements will not be put down by force, but that it is liable to be overturned at any moment. The hope that by means of which the cause of future revolutions in France will be elected by the ballot-box, and not by the bayonet, but it must be admitted that the French are not only a very excitable, but a very impatient people.

CANNOT SPARE THEM.

A recent telegraphic report from Boston says:

In the State Senate, to-day, a number of petitions were presented praying for the repeal of the Massachusetts from the Union. A motion was made to lay the petitions on the table, which was negatived—yeas 10, nays 31. The petitions were then received and referred to the Committee.

We really cannot spare our Massachusetts friends—whatever decision their females may come to. They are too valuable to be spared, even temporarily upon this subject. She is "the Key-Stone of the Arch," both by natural position and common consent, and she intends to keep the Keystone together, whatever storms may assail her. She believes she could get along as well without the Union as any other State, with her cod and mackerel—she has not the least fear of extinction of trying, or letting others try. Like a steady-headed man, she thinks it worth while to go up a story at each, dress and go to the opera, and then go home to breakfast.

THE CADET TRIAL IN CANADA.

—An active and enterprising young man from Providence, R. I., has left that city for Canada with the view of starting for the company with which he was connected in the Canadian Government Steamboat Company. Upon reaching for the purpose, not wishing to be known as an agent, he assumed the name of Cadet, and the company and made a fine batch of missions rapidly; placing it on a waiter, he called forth, and in the name of the company, paid for the same, for the handsome sum of seven dollars and fifty cents. The waiter pocketed the money, and left the delicious compound.

The Legislature to the New Jersey Legislature from a few citizens of some town, against making their municipal officers election by the people. Resigns a cause which has been advocated by the best men at Philadelphia, arises from the fact that the appointing power of both Governor and Senate, and they could each a position.

Among the bills passed by the last session of the Georgia Legislature at its recent session, was one to allow widows and children of deceased persons a support out of the property of the deceased husband and father. Another enables in cases where an administrator or executor shall refuse or neglect to apply to the council necessary for their support, and to exempt from levy and sale of the debts of the deceased or by an administrator, and vest the title in the family of the deceased.

The Boston Courier recently very remarks: "There is no such thing as doing anything profitably in the Legislature, if the people pay for everything that is done. Not a line can be set down in the statute book, not a sentence in the publisher must pay the share."

THE CHOLERA.—Within a few months past, some additional cases of cholera by Chinese, have occurred in Canton, Macao and Whampoa, and each known, make the whole number to be about one hundred. There has been no epidemic of any consequence where every known precaution is practical effect and been adopted.—Boston Post.

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CONSOLIDATION.

We perceive that Mr. Matthias has offered a resolution in the Senate of Pennsylvania, to consolidate the Independent Districts of that County, North and South Philadelphia. We have no facts before us, by which to form an opinion of the merits of the proposition, but we should say, from a very proper and all the Districts into one entire Philadelphia. We do not believe that good government is to be secured by any other means.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY ROAD.

We believe that the boards of New Jersey has unanimously passed resolutions to the effect that they will resign if the Commissioners be appointed to examine into the affairs of the Camden and Amboy Delaware and Raritan Canal Companies, have been "diligently and faithfully performed, and that the officers of said companies are justly acquitted of all charges of peculation, fraud, or other criminal practices."

CONGRESS.

It will be seen by a reference to our Congressional report, that Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, has taken occasion to express his opposition, in the Senate, to certain portions of the speech of Mr. Calhoun. The part most excepted to, is that declaring the necessity of an amendment to the Constitution—the nature of which is not stated. One account from Washington says that Mr. Calhoun's scheme is to have two Presidents,—one from the North, and one from the South. When over the plan may be, however, Mr. Foote has taken grounds against it, as unnecessary to the Constitution, and, it is stated, is supported in opposition by all the other Senators from the South.

The proceedings in our Congressional report are, as usual, brought up by Mendley. On Monday, Mr. Seward, of New York, addressed the Senate. He said that—so far as he was concerned—Free State was welcome, come from what quarter it might; but California, with her position on the Youthful Queen of the Pacific, in the Robes of Freedom, gorgeously inlaid with gold, was doubly welcome.

He then proceeded to answer the objections that were supposed to be urged against it.

Both Presidents Polk and Taylor had advised the people of California, in their inaugurations which they had formed a State Government, subject only to the approval of Congress. Such was the case. Nearly a year ago, the exercise of the military power of the United States, had been employed for the purpose of organizing a State Government, and the will of the people of California, had been made manifest by the election of delegates to a State Convention, and by the action of all

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
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Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 5th, numerous petitions were presented and referred. Among others, there were several remonstrating against the renewal of Woodworth's patent for a planing machine.

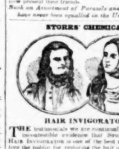
[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]



THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

UNRIVALED INDUCEMENTS FOR 1850.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, in coming before the public with a new Prospectus, would respectfully solicit attention to what they have done in the past, as a guarantee for their promises of the future. They may safely say, that no other paper in America has given to its readers so large and well chosen an amount of all kinds of reading, elegant and useful, imaginative and practical, during the last year, as the POST. To say nothing of other tales and sketches, what paper has laid before its subscribers during the past year, four such novelets as "Henry Benson," "The Child Stealer," "Isabel Denison," and "The Deserted Wife!"

And the proprietors of the Post are determined that, if possible, the coming year shall be even a more brilliant one than the past. To begin with, they have already secured the following original contributions, which will be published, with many other choice pictures of life, during the coming year:

THE BAYMOUNTS: A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING, A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE OLD ASTROLOGER, OR, THE PROPHECY FULFILLED: A Novelet, by T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Agnes, or the Possessed," "The Child Stealer," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE: A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

THE BONNET ROUGE; A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION; by MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Palaces and Prisons," "Malina Grey," &c., &c.

We have also made arrangements with GRACE GREENWOOD, for a NEW SERIES of her spirited and interesting LETTERS, during the coming year.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more solid and substantial reading; such as is calculated to improve and inform the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart. Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

The *NEWS OF THE DAY* shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men, a *BANK-NOTE LIST*, a *STOCK LIST*, the *MARKETS*, &c., shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for our *AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT*.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES* of remarkable places are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office.

4 COPIES,		$ 5.00,	PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00,	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15.00,	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20.00,	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.—When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*.

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N. B.—No deviation from the regular Terms will be practised. If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, *we shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid*.

THE PHILADELPHIA CHEAP BOOK STORE.
"Small Profits and Quick Returns."
OLD STAND FIFTH AND ARCH STREETS.

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HART'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT is the only remedy that can be relied on for the permanent cure of Spasmodic Contractions, Irritation of the Nerves, Nervous Tremors, Neuralgic Affections, General Debility, Deficiency of Nervous and Physical Energy, and all Nervous disorders, including the most dreadful of all diseases that affect the human race.

EPILEPSY, OR FALLING SICKNESS,

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE DREAMER.

[The following remarkable lines are from a volume of "Poems by a Beginner," and are said to be truly the productions of a poor English girl. They would do honor to the greatest poet.]

Not in the leighing towers,
Where, by green swaying elms, a pleasant shade
At Summer's noon is cast,
And where swift-footed hours
Steal from the hearts of the ensnared flowers,
Dream I. Nor where the golden glimm'er lie,
At sunset, 'mong the far flowing sea,
And to pure eyes the fairnly is given
To view a smooth access from earth to Heaven.

Not on the couch of rest,
With all the softnesses of joy at hand—
Soft light, sweet fragrance, luxury at command!
Visits the night a god-like poisic planet,
And Music—and creative sadness.
Dream I. Nor glancing o'er a wild estate,
Tir the tall, self-complacent heir—when
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Pants for an immortality on earth.

But where the commune dit
Of rose beds, and roars of brazen thrones,
Into their seemingly scenes,
While the long Summer day is passing in,
Till day is gone, and darkness rules the hour,
Dream I—as in the corner where I lie,
Or Winter nights, fast cemented from the sky.
Such is my time—and, barren though it seem,
Yet, then behold, endless scenery yet I dream.

And, yet I dream—
Dream what, were men more just, I might have been;
How strong, how fair, how kindly and serene.
Clearing of ideas, and power of action,
The conscious Chosen to Nature's bloodd vessel;
In tent and royal brotherhood one of them;
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen.
Such is my theme—

And yet I dream—
I, the despised of former, till more eye,
Bright with the beauty of the Spirit land,
In easpiring wretchedness, on high
And the last topic of Deaths' study
Enscrol alone to love—to adore—to be
Nor aught the rule of human misery.

And yet I dream—
Dream of a sleep, whose dreams no more shall be
My last, my true, my only welcome home!
Love—unlisted wave Life's long coming rage;
Rule remnant of my glorious heritage,
Unalienable. I shall find thee yet.
And in thy soft embrace, the past forget.
Then do I dream.

Pictures of Life.

ROMANTIC STORY OF THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

There are few persons unacquainted with that romance of naval history, the "Mutiny of the Bounty." Let us we have some fresh information to give respecting Pitcairn's Island, and the descendants of the mutineers, even those acquainted with the story will be glad to have a brief reminder of it.

In 1789 her majesty's armed vessel *Bounty*, while employed in conveying the bread-fruit-tree from Tahiti to the British colonies in the West Indies, was taken from her commander, Lieutenant William Bligh, by a part of the crew, who, headed by Fletcher Christian, the master's mate, mutinied off the island of Tofoa, and put the Lieutenant, with the remainder of the crew—in all nineteen persons—into the launch. After a passage of 1,200 leagues, they arrived at a Dutch settlement on the island of Timor. The mutineers, having arrived in number, were supposed, from some experience which emerged them when the launch had turned adrift, to have made sail towards Tahiti. As soon as the circumstance was known to the Admiralty by the arrival of Bligh and his companions in England, Captain Edwards was ordered to proceed in the *Pandora* to that island, and endeavor to discover and bring to England the *Bounty*, with such of the crew as could be able to secure. On his arrival, in March, 1791, at Matavia Bay, in that island, the mutineers were voluntarily on board the Pandora to surrender themselves—and from information given by them, but others (the whole number also upon the island) were in the course of a few days taken,—and, with the exception of four who perished in the wreck of the Pandora, near Endeavor Strait, were conveyed to England for trial before a court-martial, when six more of them to suffer death, and acquitted the other four.

It became known to the commander of the Pandora, before he left the Pacific, that the mutineers remaining in the island were reduced by desertion to no more than nine, and that they seized away with several Tahitian men and women, and having taken one of the latter as his wife, on the 23rd September, 1790, intending to seek out some uninhabited island, and having established themselves on it, to break up the *Bounty*, so that all trace of them should be lost.

This was managed so securely that all Captain Edward's attempts to gain information of the *Bounty* and the mutineers proved unavailable. The search which the Pandora boatted failed, and nothing was heard of the mutineers for twenty-two years afterwards. In 1808 the American ship Topaz, of Boston, Captain Folger, touched at Pitcairn's Island, in latitude 25 degrees 5 minutes South, and 130 degrees West longitude, and to his surprise, found it inhabited by the offspring of the mutineers, headed by Alexander Smith, who had changed his name to John Adams. It was some time before the inhabitants would allow any inquiries were—however, Captain Smith—Young, a—Midshipman, M'Coy, Mills, and Quintal, seamen, and Williams, armorer, together with six natives, their wives, and the native women of the European. But now some of the men remained alive but Smith. The whole population amounted to thirty-five, who acknowledged Smith as their chief. They all spoke English, and had been educated by him in a moral and religious way.

It is somewhat singular that these facts did not become known till five years more—namely, in 1814. The succeeding year, Sir T. Staines of his majesty's ship *Briton*, in company with Captain Pipon of the *Tagus*, both ship in ignorance of Folger's visit, accidentally approached the island. They were not a little astonished on seeing what they believed to be an uninhabited place, to behold plantations regularly laid out, and habitations constructed than those in the Marquesas Islands. Where about there was then but a few shanty, some natives were observed bringing down their canoes to launch, and these were found to be heavy and padding off to the ships. Every astonishment was subsided on learning one of them. An approaching the ship, and on its English language. "Won't you heave us a rope now?"

The first man who got on board the Briton was, on Thursday, October Christian," the first born of the island, and son of Fletcher Christian. He was dress was a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw hat, ornamented with the black feather of the domestic fowl. "With a great show of good humor," says the Captain of the *Tagus*, "he were glad to hear in his broadcast conversation" and the features of an honest English face." "I must confess," he continues, "I could not suppress the interesting points without feelings of tenderness and compassion. The company was Young Young, a fine youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age—delighted that the ship of the Captains was good on hearing their first salutation in English, their surprise and interest was not a little increased on Mr. Young's name in king the native brown, and setting before them refreshments, the produce of them was, and placing his hands before both in a posture of devotion, distinctly repeated, with a pressing tone and manner,

"For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

The two Captains accompanied these young men on shore. With some difficulty, and a good wetting, and with the assistance of their coxswains, they accomplished a landing through the surf, and were soon after met by Smith, attended by his whole family, and by not many years ago, who conducted them to his house. His wife, who was blind with age, accompanied him. He was at first alarmed on the visit to the ship, perceived him—but on being told that they had been for the mutual protection of their respective countries, he was relieved from his anxiety.

In the course of conversation, Smith informed them that the Pandora's boat, which had been sent to the island, had been lost in a gale of wind, and that the crew, who had escaped in her, had been murdered by the natives of Otaheite, with the exception of two, who had been allowed to marry; but always with the consent of Adams, who united them by a marriage ceremony of his own.

Such was the scanty information given to the world of this interesting colony till Captain Beechey visited it in the *Blossom*, in 1825. But till then were the consequences of the mutinous measures, after leaving Tahiti, reduced to writing—They were taken from Adams's own lips, and not the Honorable Mr. Waldegrave's account. Love, however, eventually proved too strong for sentiment, and the *Bounty* left Otaheite. Pitcairn's Island, dated 19th of March, 1810, stated that Christian had now married to Polly Young, and had two sons.

Since Captain Beechy's visit, the numerous letter of ships which anchor off the island have been eight or nine per annum, mostly Americans, who, with the exception of water, are supplied by them with refreshments. The Pitcairn Islanders are now well without exception. The island has latterly been visited by the Russian ship *New Zealand*, bound to Calderon with emigrants, there being eight English women amongst them. On the arrival of a ship at the island, no one is allowed to go on board before the pilot, who takes charge of the boats keep off, and the Pitcairn's Islanders furnishing a pilot, or providing a substitute, was always regarded as a most remuneration from visitors for his service.

We have also gleaned the following particulars of the soil, culture and meteorology of Pitcairn's Island:—The soil is very fertile in the valleys, the deposition decomposed lava, the other a rich, black earth, and clayey ground; the climate is delightful and salubrious, ranging 70 to 80 degrees in the shade. The spring commences in August, when the Sweet-potatoes, yams and potatoes are dug; and of potatoes there are two crops a year. Corn and vegetables of every kind, and dog in June and November. The cocoa-nut are on regular trade-winds; in the summer months, from November to March, the land-breezes blow North. Northerly winds are generally light, often accompanied by rain or fog. When the wind is North, it invariably goes round to the West. Strong winds are scarce, and Hurricanes are unknown. Light showers generally prevail. With wind from South-west, it generally clear weather with moderate breeze. The wind veers from South to South-by-East to South-east. The annual and vegetable productions of the island are Yams, hogs and poultry; yams, sweet potatoes, the spontaneous growth of the country, cocoa-nuts, guavas, melons, oranges, bread-fruit, sugar-canes, limes and the Brazilian plum. The only grain is maize.

From its distance from any other of the islands in the Pacific, Pitcairn's Island is perhaps the most isolated place in the world. To this may be attributed the gratifying tranquility which the inhabitants enjoy, and the purity of their morals. People preserve their simple virtues and modesty. May the day be far distant when they change them! We cannot conceive of anything worse. Were sugar nothing favorable, however, from the visit of the ship on its way to California—to the port which it is not much out of the main track. It is to be hoped that the course of the "Sappho" may never be imported among the descendants of the crew of the *Bounty*.

Chrilling Sketch.

ADVENTURE WITH AN ALPINE BEAR.

My last adventure with a bear occurred when I was about eight years old. It was in summer, and we were passing the time at a farm on the mountain, which the melted snow leaves uncovered. My parents had gone to a mountain, a little higher up in the valley, under the charge of a servant. One day I made my escape, and set out to join them. I had proceeded on, saying the course given me for breakfast, when, as I was about to cross a small, I saw lying directly across my path, an animal which I took for a huge brown dog. I was frightened at first, but as I thought my parents, who had been detained from home longer than they expected, prevailed, and my self-willing to satisfy my curiosity, I drew unknown beast. Despite, however, the little fear which I felt, I resolved to assert that I came towards me. Wishing to propitiate him, I threw down a bit of bread in my pocket, which he took apparent pleasure, and stretched out his head as if asking for more. I ventured to caress him, and he suffered me to do so, although he was a sort of protecting growl. Throwing my self upon the ground, I lay with my face close to his